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HOPELESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

You greet the New Year gladly,—be it so.
I weep the dead Old Year,
To me so kind, so dear—
And I would I were with it under the drifted
snow.

The New Year haply in its treasury
For you, sweet friend, may hold
Gifts, frankincense, and gold—
But for me—bereft and desolate, what cheer
bath it for me?

Can it unlock the tomb of the dead Year,
And from its ashes gray
Restore to me one day?
Only the one brief day in a life so long and
dear?

That rare midsummer day—in memory
Forever set apart—
Wherein this arid heart
Blossomed in sudden glory like the marvel-
ous Aloe tree.

That day I was a queen, and ruled supreme.
What though my realm were wide,
Love bounded every side—
Ah! 'tis well to have been happy once, if
only in a dream.

Can such a day e'er dawn on me again?
Never!—with hopeless eyes
I greet the New Year's skies.
Alas for me if I must live my full three-
score and ten!

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "OUT ADRIFT,"
&c., &c.

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CHAPTER III.

WHAT IT COST.

Mr. Garth glanced at his younger daughter with the utmost incredulity, and for an instant forgot to say grace. Even after he closed his eyes he could not collect his thoughts, and groped in a strange fashion for him. Then Rachel began to pour the tea, and Mr. Thorndike passed the bread. Rachel's housekeeping soul was delighted as she viewed those thin slices of snowy bread with their crisp golden brown edges. Hardly another woman in Dedham had such luck, and everybody's brightly begged a bit of her yeast cakes.

Mr. Garth felt strongly inclined to send Lucy away from the table. He was afraid that she would make a scene, perhaps refuse to obey him, and he felt quite sensitive about his authority. Then too he had been revolving another plan in his mind, and considered it wisest to be gracious.

They began to talk of the improvements in Dedham, the rise in real estate, the new streets and factories. Now and then Mr. Thorndike appealed to Lucy for the verification of some statement. She felt herself quite extinguished, but she still held a reserve card and a trump at that—her beauty. She warmed and glowed in the lamp light like some rare opening flower from tropical lands. Now and then she shook a flood of golden waves over her drooping shoulders. Then it was the gleam of her white, slender hand, the flash of her deep, lustrous eyes. She felt in a mood of enchantment, as if indeed she were acting a part, and so she was, early in life, poor child!

Mr. Thorndike was by no means delicate or ethereal. Everything appealed in the strongest manner to his taste, the preserves were richness, the cold tongue soft enough to melt in one's mouth, the custard delightful, and the cake superb. He allowed himself to be persuaded into a second helping of fruit cake. It had just that damp fragrant deliciousness that he liked.

Rachel watched him with a good deal of complacency. She had a vague idea that the royal road to a man's heart was through his stomach, and it did not lower him in her sight. Lucy thought—"If I should ever marry him, how nice it would be to have Rachel come and keep house—but I suppose she wouldn't. I wonder if there are any splendid cooks to be had in the world!"

And then she smiled in that peculiar way as if richly satisfied with some wandering fancy of her own.

They rose presently, Mr. Garth seemed to grow pompous and severe.

"Rachel," he commanded, "conduct Mr. Thorndike to the other room. Lucy, I wish to see you a few moments."

She raised her eyes to Mr. Thorndike like some wild, shy thing, hunted to the last covert. Her lips quivered, and her eyes seemed fairly to throb, as if they were tremulous with a distinct life. But he could not translate their meaning—it was so much banal to him.

Rachel cast a longing glance at her china, but she obeyed with a feeling of gratifica-

tion that Lucy was about to be taken to task for her high crimes and misdemeanors. Mr. Garth approached her, and his greenish eyes fairly glared. He caught Lucy by the shoulder and shook her.

"How dared you!" he began in a low, hoarse voice, his face white with passion. "How dared you, after what I said?"

Her insolence and effrontery were gone. Her heart beat with great frightened bounds, and every nerve shrank from the contact.

"How dared you! disobedient and ungrateful child. If this Lord was just He would cut you off in your sins! Beware, lest at the last, like another evil doer, you find no place for repentance!"

"He is more merciful than you," she could not help replying.

The eyes glared fiercely upon her again. He was amazed that she ventured to speak.

"I tell you, Lucy Garth, that I'm master of this house, and master of you until you are eighteen. I will be obeyed. Brave me once again in this matter and you'll find that it is at your cost! You'll repent it bitterly!"

Oh, she was sick at heart, weak, miserable! She was paying dear for her trifling bit of vanity. If she could run away—drown herself even!

"You'll rue it, I tell you! You're given over soul and body to the evil one, and if no one stood by to pluck you as a brand from the burning, you'd go straight on to destruction. No child of mine shall walk in the broad path of evil without my voice being raised against it! You are stiff-necked and rebellious, full of sin to the core. I've prayed for you and with you, and what good does it do?"

"None," she might have said honestly. She wanted no such prayers, she even thought, beathen as she was, that the broad road looked inviting.

"Answer me!" and his grasp on her arm tightened, while his angry and cruel face was distorted by her mental vision.

She wrenched herself away with sudden courage, for her arm felt nearly crushed.

"Don't touch me," she cried in terror. "Keep away, for you make me feel savage. Say what you have to say, and let me go!"

"Hetty," he called, "bring a candle." The maid obeyed the command. Mr. Garth took it and motioned Lucy up the stairs to her room.

"I advise you to spend the night in prayer on your bended knees," he said in his most sanctimonious manner that made her feel as if she should scream. "Think of your heinous sins to your God and to me, your wicked vanity that is luring your soul to perdition. And never, while you are in my house dare to appear in this frothy, ungodly manner. It is a shame to any respectable woman. Remember this—at your peril!"

"Oh, go!" she cried in her anguish. "In mercy leave me!"

He was not to be thus hidden away by his sinful child. He exhorted, he even prayed, but she sat on the bed's side, her dry eyes strained and wild with pain, and her scarlet lips curled in scorn.

At last, when every nerve was stretched to the last point of endurance, he bade her good-night, closed and locked the door.

She flew to the window and raised it. Her first impulse was to precipitate herself headlong at his very feet, a crushed and mangled mass. Just so her mother had battled in impotent rage. And yet both were women whom a word might lead. Oh, blind and cruel masters, are your eyes never to be opened?

Of course she paused. There is a sort of latent combativeness that hates to yield before it has made one good, fair fight. She felt that hers was yet to come.

But the night air, chilly and piercing as it was, did her good. It cooled the scarlet heat of passion in her cheeks, and the throbbing fever of her lips. Clapping her hands, she looked up at the pitiless sky, dark and leaden, and cried—

"Mother! mother!"

I hope her mother's heart was not yearning and suffering over her child, whom she was powerless to assist, even amid all the glories of Heaven.

As Lucy became calmer she went back to her little cracked mirror, the consolation of youth and beauty always. And then she whispered to herself in a triumphant tone—

"He did like me. It was because I am pretty; and if I should see him again at the Dorcas—for I can't well be shut up then. I wonder if he would ever care enough to—to marry any one!"

She hated them both for keeping her up here away from Mr. Thorndike. If she had only made him promise that he would surely come!

Her candle was burning low, so she hurried into bed without the form of penitence her father had enjoined. In his blind, arbitrary way he prided himself upon doing his duty to his refractory child, just as Rachel did in her cold, methodical fashion. That she had not been made a hypocrite, was owing to her own sense of truth and honor; but they were doing their best to crush it out.

Mr. Garth returned to the parlor in evident discomposure. His visitor was quite too obtuse to make fine distinctions however. Rachel stole a few moments to attend to her beloved china and damask napkins, and then she took out some of her Dorcas work and saved in a heaven of content.

Mr. Thorndike found it very dull after his talk with Lucy, that seemed so sparkling



INDIAN WOMAN MOURNING THE DEAD.

The above represents an Indian woman at the grave of her dead husband. She has come to mourn when the moon is at its full, and the spirit of the departed is supposed to be near; and she has kindled a few sticks as an offering of her love.

The Indians bury their dead in cemeteries, near the spots where they encamp from time to time. The graves are of various kinds; sometimes separate, marked by stones and posts, and sometimes by a huge mound of earth, beneath which the bones of a whole tribe lie. Some tribes do not bury at all, but suspend the dead in the air, between poles.

It is considered by the Indians a great virtue to respect a grave, and a great insult to disturb one. Not very long ago, two tribes quarrelled, and prepared to fight. The night before the battle, a young Indian warrior stole out from his own tents, and came to the cemetery belonging to the opposite tribe. There, as quietly as he could, he rifled many of the graves, took down the

flags of mourning, tore up the earth, and overturned some of the stones. When he had finished, he came back and told what he had done, and the delight of his tribe at the news was great. There would be no common fight next day now—it would be war.

The injured tribe next morning discovered the havoc, and their alarm was as great as the joy of the other. In their distress, the whole tribe made a vow never to rest till every member, old and young, of the other side should be slain.

When death enters an Indian tribe, the relatives mourn by loud wailings for days, painting their faces and tearing their clothes. The Indian looks forward to a future state, and he believes it will be one of endless hunting and fishing, where the plains will be full of buffalo and deer, and the lakes full of fish, and where his own wigwam will be so snugly placed as to be secure from all attack.

by contrast. If Rachel could have but known how immensely she was losing, as he compared her with her absent sister, she would not have felt flattered. But as she did not know, she stood the scrutiny with great complacency.

"I suppose they make her wash the dishes," Mr. Thorndike mused in his unquiet soul, her meaning Lucy; but when he had waited an hour or more, he ventured upon a bold step.

"Where is Miss—your daughter, I mean?"

"Gone to bed. She flagrantly disobeyed me—and that no child has ever done in my house, without punishment of some kind. I hope it may prove a salutary lesson. Women, of all others, should be strictly obedient. If they do not respect their parents, how will they honor their husbands?"

Mr. Garth delivered this in a dictatorial tone; and then studied the pattern of the carpet, which was an ingrain, in extremely modest hues, the device beginning one side of the room and ending upon the other.

"Stout old governor!" Mr. Thorndike commented internally. "Wonder how she liked it?"

She was crying herself to sleep in another paroxysm of anguish.

"I guess I'll go." And Mr. Thorndike walked slowly toward the fireplace.

"Oh, no, Thorndike, don't be in a hurry. You can go home when there's no other place, you know." And Mr. Garth looked consciously elated at his second-hand facetiousness.

"I'll drop in to-morrow. After dinner I'm going down to Cousin Hollister's. There's a mortgage to settle."

"You had better go in for some property here, Thorndike. It'll be a good investment."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Oh, Cunningham's place has been offered."

"Pretty grand, isn't it?"

"Yes; but going at nothing. He's

pathized, if the feeling had in it warmth enough for that. Sometimes he touched upon business and the people with whom he came in contact. Still, he was pompous and dogmatic even with her; but she had no keen nerves to be rasped.

"Thorndike has not changed much," he said, presently, holding his slippered feet to the fire.

"No. I should have recognised him anywhere."

"A fine fellow. A good, sharp, energetic business man. Made a fortune out in the copper, I heard, Rachel!"

"Sir?" as he paused. She, at least, was respectful.

He was looking at the fire, not at her. The inattention was of no moment.

"Rachel," and he cleared his throat—"I could not wish a better husband for you."

Rachel Garth did not blush nor betray any surprise.

"I shall do handsomely by you. You were always my favorite child. I'm not a poor man, Rachel."

"No, father."

She uttered this with conscious pride, and thought too of the pile of bed and table linen packed away in the press up stairs, and the bed-quilt she could use by dozens. It was all hers, of course. She would never have thought of sharing it with her idle and foolish sister.

"I'd like to see you well settled, Rachel. You have been a good daughter, and good daughters make good wives."

He announced this in his inflated fashion, as if it had been a grand discovery.

"I am sure I owe it all to my judicious training," she returned meekly.

"Yes, you deserve it, Rachel, you deserve it."

She thought she did also. Her humility extended only in a limited range, and was often the outward form than the inward grace.

Rachel Garth sat and sewed complacently, while her father figured up that Rachel's children would be worth a million at the very least.

Lucy was called at the usual hour the next morning, for the Garths were early risers. She heard the key click in the door, and was no longer a prisoner. So she rubbed her lovely sleepy eyes and wished she was a resident of that happy land where people did as they liked.

One of the worst things was yet to come. Her father always labored to make her express some contrition. As a little child she did it from very fear, but now she had gained sufficient courage to refuse. She hated the talk, the whining tone, and the eyes so keen and masterly.

She entrenched herself behind a sullen dignity, and admitted nothing. As well talk to the wind.

"You will have nothing but bread and water to-day," was her father's fiat.

Hetty received her orders, but then Hetty had a weak point and could be coaxed. Lucy therefore did not starve.

"It's as much as my life's worth," she said. "Oh, child, if you'd only listen to them prayers of your father and repent. He allus does it for your good."

Lucy, the little wretch, laughed and put her arms around Hetty's scrawny neck.

"You're the best Christian of the lot, Hetty. You feed the hungry and visit those in prison sometimes. I believe I love you."

Lucy was on her good behavior that day and the next. The obnoxious curls were hidden in the thickest net that she could find. Cold as it was she spent much time in her room, and any one with the least penetration could see that she carried a mystery in her face.

Thursday was a bright, cheerful day. A fire was made in the parlor again, and a great basket brought from the pantry. The Dorcas people were usually very prompt. Rachel had to look after the supper. She dealt the butter and biscuits out to Hetty, sliced the ham and tongue in the meat wafers, and then arrayed herself in a dress that was not her best by any means. She never gave a thought to Mr. Thorndike during these preparations.

"She looks like a fright," commented Lucy inwardly. "Oh, I wonder if he will come! What did they tell him the other night, and what did he think? If I can make him like me!"

She had reached that climax of mental aspiration already. If any one would like her and marry her, she would bail it gladly as a means of escape from this galling serfdom. Some way the chain must be broken. You could see a fine desperation in those deep eyes, one of the resolves that wins or perishes in the attempt.

Poor child! how was she to know that it was but an exchange of masters; that hard as this slavery was, the other could be still more intolerable? No warning hand was raised, alas! most pitiful of all, there was not one soul who loved her well enough to be solicitous for her welfare. They all considered food and raiment sufficient, as if the soul could feast upon that!

CHAPTER IV.

THE DORCAS.

It was high tide with the Dorcas. Miss Kip had sailed in with her, "Well! I never was so beat in my life!" which was a kind of steamer flying from the mast-head. A woman of five and forty, with a very high forehead and very thin sandy hair. She

24.1 1217.03 1989

he 21st of Jan., Mrs. CATHERINE ELLIS and
he 21st of Jan., WILLIAM M. HUMES, in his
year.
he 30th of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET CHAMBERS,
2 years.
he 30th of Jan., Mr. MATTHIAS SMITH, in his
year.
he 30th of Jan., JOHN GARRETT, in his 61th
year.
he 30th of Jan., Mr. PETER CORNWELL, in his
year.
he 37th of Jan., HANNAH, wife of John RAY-
nor, in his 93th year.
he 30th of Jan., Miss ISABELLA FRAYER, in
her 93th year.
he 30th of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON,
81st year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Bar.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Doherty Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Don Castelli," &c.

Bony Base.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelist

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Red," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in advance, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

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We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a confused form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noticed a bunch of golden wheat
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night,
We saw but the peace, the blossoms of white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some garnered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not bent with doubt and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

The Scotch National Emblem.

In the year 1010, during the reign of Malcolm I., Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, selecting the still hour of midnight as the time to make a descent on Stanes Castle. When all was ready, and there was a reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard. They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipation of victory. Not a sound was heard from within, and they could scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight; for they had but to swim across the moat, and place scaling ladders, and the castle was theirs. But in another moment a cry from themselves aroused the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards flew to their posts, and pursued the now trembling Danes, who fled before them, and the invaders were repulsed. The cause was that the most, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the inmates of the castle; and from that day the thistle has been the national emblem.

☞ A ray that always lights up a woman's despair—Rain-moon.

COOKING AND COURTING.

TOM TO NED.

Dear Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised when you receive and read this letter; I've called against the marriage state, but then, you see, I know no better, I've met a lovely girl out here, her manner is—well—very winning; we're soon to be—well, Ned, my dear, I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I want to ask her out to ride, last Wednesday—it was perfect weather; she said she couldn't, possibly, the servants had gone off together. (Hibernians always rush away, at cousin's funerals to be looking.) Please must be made, and she must stay, she said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried; "I'll be a cook, too—how jolly!" She laughed, and answered, with a smile, "All right! but you'll repent your folly, for I shall be a tyrant, sir, and good hard work you'll have to grapple; so sit down there, and don't you stir, but take that knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeves above her arm—That lovely arm so plump and rounded; Outside, the morning sun shone bright; Inside, the dough she deftly pounded. Her little fingers sprinkled flour, And rolled the pie-crust up in mazes; I passed the most delightful hour 'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes Gazed on each pot, and pan, and kettle; She sliced the apples, filled her pie, And then the upper crust did settle. Her rippling waves of golden hair In one great coil were tightly twisted; But looks would break it, here and there, And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I Fastened it up—her hands were doughy; Oh it did take the longest time, Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy! She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy; Somehow, that made me all the bolder; Her arch lips looked so red, that I—Well—found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month; Come and attend the wedding revels, I really think that bachelors Are the most miserable devils. You'd better go for some girl's hand; And if you are uncertain whether You dare to make a due demand, Why, just try cooking pies together.

—Harvard Advocate.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. DAWKES AT HOME.

The clocks were tolling the three-quarters before midnight, as a gentleman splashed through the mud and wet of the London streets, on his way to a private West-end gambling-house. It was the paragon, Thomas Kage. He was not given to frequent such places on his own account, but he was in urgent search of one who was a man he had once called friend, and who had brought himself into danger. Not a cab was to be had, and his umbrella was useless; glad enough was he to turn into the dark passages that led to the house's entrance, and shake the wet from his clothes. Dark, cold, and gloomy, as it was here, inside would no doubt be all light and warmth, and he was about to give the signal which would admit him, when the door was cautiously opened and two gentlemen came forth.

One of them—he was in her Majesty's regimentals—wore a scowling aspect. It was Major Dawkes; earlier in the evening he had been to an official dinner, which accounted for his dress. More and more addicted had he become to that bad vice, gambling; the worst vice, save one, that man can take to himself; and this night he had lost fearfully. To lose money now, was, in the Major's case, simply madness; but the fatal spell was upon him, and he could not shake it off. Not caring to be seen, Mr. Kage drew into a dark corner. At the same moment some one stepped out of the opposite corner, who must have been waiting there.

"Major," said this last, "I must speak to you."

"What the mischief—brings you here?" demanded Major Dawkes, with a hard word.

"I have waited for you two mortal hours. I was just in time to see you enter; and got threatened by the doorkeepers for insisting upon going in after you. I had not the password. Can I speak a word with you, Major?"

"No, you can't," was the defiant answer of the Major. But that he had taken rather more wine than was good for him, he might have been civil for prudence's sake. "I'll hear nothing. Go and talk to Jessup."

"Major Dawkes, this will not do. You know perfectly well that Jessup won't have anything to do with the affair; 'twould soil his hands, he says."

"You know where I live," stamped the Major. "Come there, if you want to see me. Pretty behaviour this is, to waylay an officer and a gentleman."

"Excuse me, Major; but if you play at hide-and-seek!" interrupted Major Dawkes.

"What do you mean, sir?" "It looks like it," returned the other, with a significant cough. "You can never be seen at your house; and you will not answer our letters. It has not been for pleasure that I have waited here, like a lackey, this miserable night; we might have sent a clerk—but I came myself, out of regard to your feelings. If I cannot speak with you, I will give you into custody; and you know the consequences of that."

Not quite himself though the Major was, he did know the consequences. Drawing aside into the dark corner that the lawyer—was he evidently was—had come out of, a few whispered words passed between them.

"To-morrow, then, at twelve, at our office," concluded the lawyer. "And you

will do well to keep the appointment, Major, this time," he significantly added. "If you do not, we will not wait another hour."

The speaker turned out of the passage into the pool at its entrance, and then waded through other pools down the street. Major Dawkes and his friend stood watching him. The Major's cab waited, but his man, probably not expecting him so soon, was in the public-house round the corner. Somebody else's man flew to fetch him.

"Horrid wretches these creditors are!" cried the Major's friend in warm sympathy. "But it is the most incomprehensible thing in the world, Dawkes, that you should suffer yourself to be bothered in this way. Of course it is no secret that you are up to your eyes in embarrassment; there's not a fellow in the regiment even half what you do for pay, let alone other debts. Why don't you pay up, and get clear?"

"Where's the money to do it?" retorted the Major. "I don't possess a mine of gold."

"But your wife does. She has thousands and thousands and thousands a-year. Where does it all go to?"

"Nonsense! My wife's income is not half so much," peevishly said Major Dawkes, possibly oblivious that no particular sum had been specified. "It might be, if her child died."

"Ah, yes, I forgot; the best part of the income are settled on little Canterbury. Can't you touch a few of his thousands?"

"No; or I should not have waited until now to do it. His thousands are tied up to accumulate. A lordly fortune, his will be, by the time he is of age."

"But with so much money in the family—your own son's, as may be said—surely there are ways of getting at it. You might have the use of some to clear you, and pay it back at your leisure."

"So I would, if it were not for the boy's trustee," returned the Major. "He's as tight a hand as you could find. The point was put to him some weeks ago; I broached it myself, not taking Mrs. Dawkes into my counsels; and Kage cut me short with a haughty denial. He's a regular curmudgeon."

Little thought the Major that the 'curmudgeon' was in the dark passage behind him and his confidential friend. To play the eaves-dropper was particularly objectionable to Thomas Kage, but he would very decidedly have objected to show himself just now.

"But if things are like this, Dawkes, how on earth can you expect to get clear?" demanded his friend.

The Major did not answer. He bared his brow for a moment to the rainy air; a whole world of care seemed to be seated there.

"Fall up while there's time, Dawkes," was the prudent advice next offered. "How can you go on, plunging farther into the mud, at the rate you do? To-night you must have lost—"

"It is in my nature to spend, and spend I must, let who will suffer," fearfully interrupted the Major.

"Well," said the other candidly, "it does seem hard that a sickly child should be keeping you out of this immense wealth."

So hard did it seem, that Major Dawkes gave a curse to it in his heart; and another curse, spoken, to his servant, who now dashed up. He entered his cab, and giving his friend a lift, was driven away, while Mr. Kage was admitted to the hidden mysteries of the house. But with his business there he was nothing to do.

Several weeks had gone on since Mrs. Garston's death, when he last saw Major Dawkes. How he had gone on was a different affair altogether, and not so easy to discern. At that time he had thought it an impossibility that many days could pass over his head without the mine, he always trod on, exploding; and yet they had: the flames had only been smouldering until now. But things were growing more ominous hour by hour, and perhaps the Major continued to enter into undesirable expenses as much to drown care as from infatuation.

Mrs. Dawkes had been ill—seriously so. A return of the chest-attack she had early in the spring came on; the result of late hours and her own imprudence, as the doctors told her. She was not strong naturally, and she was doing what she could, in the shape of turning night into day in her pursuit of gaiety, to bring her lack of strength conspicuously forth. For three weeks she had been confined to her bed, but was getting better now.

When Major Dawkes' cab deposited him at his house in Belgrave—returning now to the present night, making itself so agreeable with rain—he ascended at once to his bedroom; one he had been occupying temporarily since his wife's illness. It was on the floor above hers, and immediately opposite the day-nursery of little Tom Canterbury. Putting off his regimentals and other things as quickly as he could, the Major got into bed. But not to sleep; anxiety prevented that. He had taken nothing since leaving the gambling house, and his brain was getting somewhat clearer. It is at these moments that any trouble a man may have shows out with redoubled wretchedness. Time had been when Major Dawkes sent away trouble with what he had an hour before bestowed upon his servant—a curse. He was of a selfish, reckless nature, and would not let things worry him. Ah, but then his worst trouble had been debt; now it was something else, and he had dwelt on it until it had made him painfully nervous. His position was looking fearfully black, and the Major did not see how to make it lighter.

In saying he was by nature a spendthrift, Barnaby Dawkes spoke only partial truth; it had been more correct that he had said by habit. To launch out into sinful expenses was only customary with him; but these expenses had at length brought their consequences behind them. Very unhappy was it for Barnaby Dawkes that the consequences did not consist of debt alone.

At the turn of the past Christmas Major Dawkes, to get himself out of some frightful pit of embarrassment, obtained money upon a bill, which—had had something peculiar about it, to speak cautiously; and which, later, perhaps nobody would be found to own. So easy a way did it seem to Major Dawkes of relieving himself of a load of temporary care, that he tried the process again, and once or so again. This was the secret breathed to Keniah that night when the Major visited her. This was the secret that Jessup, the lawyer, got access to. The Major used superhuman efforts, and patched up matters for a time, and so averted an explosion. But the secret had now been discovered by two or three most undesirable people who were interested, and public exposure was looming ominously near.

A firm had innocently discounted one of these bills—discounted in sharp practice. One of the partners it was who had lain in wait for the Major in the dark passage. Perhaps they might be induced to hush the affair up for "a consideration," in addition to all the money and expenses, otherwise they were threatening criminal proceedings; ay, and as the miserable Major knew, they would inevitably keep their word. For the bill, you see, had got somebody's name to it, and that somebody had never written it, or heard of it. That was only one of the bills; there were one or two more quite as doubtful. Other parties to whom the Major was under terrible obligations, legal, if not criminal, had become tired out, and were about to take very unpleasant steps. What with one thing and another, it almost seemed to the man as though a fortune great as Tom Canterbury's was needed to extricate him.

It was a perilous position; more than enough to disturb the Major's rest. He knew quite well that if all came out that night came out—and there were matters besides the peculiar bills—things must be over with him. His wife would quit him; the army would drum him out of it; society would scout him.

"A nice state of affairs!" groaned the Major. "Something must be done. What a fool I have been!"

Something! But what? The help he wanted was no slight sum; and he saw but one hope—and that not a real hope; only a possible one. A persistent mind, indeed, must be Major Dawkes's to cherish it still—though in fact he did not cherish it, but only glanced to it in sanguine moments; for it was the old scheme of getting some of the child's money from Mr. Kage. Only a few thousands out of the boy's large fortune! he would say to himself—only a few thousands! The thought of this fortune, so close at hand, yet so inaccessible to him—for, if the child died, you remember, the wheels of it reverted to Mrs. Dawkes—had begun to be to the Major as a very nightmare; it haunted his dreams, it haunted his daily thoughts; it was ever present to him, sleeping or waking. Like unto the gold-fever that fell on some of our years ago, and sent us out to Australia little better than eager madmen, so had a gold-fever attacked Major Dawkes. As the value of a thing coveted is enhanced to a fabulous height by longing, and diminished by possession, so did this fortune of little Tom Canterbury's wear, to his stepfather, an aspect of most delusive brightness. In its attainment appeared to lie the panacea for all ills; the recompense for past and present troubles; a charming, golden paradise.

Major Dawkes rather particularly disliked children; but in feigning a love for little Tom Canterbury before the marriage—to ingratiate himself with the child's mother—he had really acquired a liking for him. This in a degree wore off later; and he was often severe with the child—a mild gentle fellow whom any one might love—but on the whole he liked the boy. However, since this hankering after his fortune had arisen, Major Dawkes had almost grown to hate him, looking on him as a deadly enemy who stood between him and light.

In spite of his fast habits, few men living cared so much to stand well with the world as Barnaby Dawkes: certainly none so dreaded to stand ill with it. There was one ugly name moving ever before his mental sight in fierce letters of flame—F-o-r-g-e-r-y. Rather than have such a word brought home to him, he would have died—and Major Dawkes was very fond of life. It was not the act itself he repented, but the chance of exposure. Safe from that, he would have done the same thing to the end of time. Dropping asleep towards morning, he dreamt that he was in the midst of some surging sea, whose waves were perpetually going to overwhelm him. He wanted to turn his head and look behind, but the waves would not let him. He knew that some awful phantom was there in his pursuit, to overtake him unless he turned to confront it; and yet he could not. A fresh and curious spook must have arrived in Major Dawkes's life when it came to dreams.

Remembering his engagement for the morning, Major Dawkes rose in time to keep it. That might no longer be ignored—as he knew too well. Swallowing his breakfast with what appetite he had, he took his departure. Of the two, Barnaby Dawkes would rather have gone to an hour's recreation in the pillory than to the appointment in the house of this legal firm, with the brand of guilt and shame on his forehead.

And yet, in one sense, the interview must be utterly superfluous. All the argument in the world would but have amounted to this—that the full indemnifying money must be produced, or the Major would be made a nine days' spectacle. He knew it, driving his high-mettled horses. Humble pedestrians, glancing admiringly up from the pavement, thought what a great man the Jehu must be, and how silky was his fine black mustache; but they could not read his heart, or see the cankering care eating it away. The carriage drew up at Lincoln's-inn, and the Major went in to purgatory. The consultation was a pretty long one; the lawyers were uncompromising, and the client was three parts helpless; but he argued and denied and equivocated; and then they rang a bell, and desired a clerk to hold himself in readiness to perform a certain mission at Scotland-yard. The Major was brought metaphorically to his knees, and he came forth at length with a knitted brow.

"Where the devil am I to get it?" was the puzzling question put to himself, and spoken unconsciously aloud as he ascended to his carriage. Again and again he saw but one solitary opening—the appealing to Mr. Kage. Look where he would, around the whole wide world, he saw no other.

He drove straight home, regardless of a pelting shower that was coming down upon him, and found a bevy of visitors in the drawing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, lovely still, but pale from her recent illness, sat in their midst, her attire—mauve color—charming as usual; a lame apology for mourning, worn for Mrs. Garston. Talking with one laughing with another, exclaiming admiration from all; an adept was she in the wiles and the petty nothings of frivolous existence. The Major saw no chance of private conversation with her then, and shut the door with a suppressed growl, not caring whether he had been perceived or not.

When these idlers were gone and the sun was shining again, Mrs. Dawkes called for her boy. He had been sitting on the stairs, patient, loving child, hoping for the summons. Indulged though he was by his mother, never was there a more obedient, modest, good little son than he, never presuming upon her affection. He wore the

Scotch dress, and his fair curls floated on his neck; nearly seven years old now, he scarcely looked his age. Mrs. Dawkes once said to Mr. Kage that the child had a strange affinity for her; if she dropped, he dropped. Certain it was that, during this recent illness of hers, the boy had seemed pale, languid, anything but well. Exceedingly delicate he looked to-day, as she took him on her knee.

"Did you eat a good dinner, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, mamma."

"What did you have?"

"Some fowl and some custard-pudding and some jam. I've been reading my fairy-tales since. Judith's mending my puzzle."

"Is she getting ready to take you out, Tom? It's time."

"I told her I'd not go," said Tom. "I'd rather stay with you, mamma. When shall you come out with me again?"

"When this showery weather shall be over," replied Mrs. Dawkes, who had not been allowed to go out of doors since her illness. "But, Tom—"

What she had been about to say was arrested by the appearance of Major Dawkes. Putting his head in to reconnoitre, he saw the room was now clear of visitors, and came forward.

"Caroline," said he, "send Tom away. I want to speak with you."

"Is it nothing you can say before him?" she coldly asked; for there was no longer much cordial feeling in her heart for her husband, though they maintained a show of civility.

"Are you so infatuated with that child that you cannot bear him out of your sight?" angrily demanded the Major, who was in a most wretched mood, and particularly bitter against the child.

Mrs. Dawkes was surprised; his ebullitions of temper had usually been restrained in her presence. She did not condescend to retort.

"Go to that table, Thomas, and amuse yourself with the large picture-book," she said, pointing to the far end of the room, where he would be out of hearing. "What is it?" she apathetically continued to her husband.

"My dear, you must pardon me; I am in much trouble and perplexity," resumed the Major, remembering that to provoke his wife was not exactly the best way to attain his ends. "It is frightful trouble, Caroline; and nothing less."

"Oh, indeed. Have you broken your horses' knees? I saw you drive away rather furiously this morning."

"I have been answering for the debts of a brother officer, Caroline, and have got into difficulties through it," he avowed, having mentally rehearsed the tale he meant to tell.

"Rather imprudent in you to do so, was it not?" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes.

"I suppose it was, as things have turned out; for he died, and it has fallen on me."

"The liability?"

The Major nodded.

"I have been trying to pay it off, as I could, and have run into debt myself in consequence. Caroline, my dear," he added in a sepulchral tone, "your husband is a ruined man."

To Mrs. Dawkes, who had a splendid country mansion and some thousands a-year in her own right, of which nobody's imprudence could deprive her, husband or no husband, the above announcement did not convey the dismay it would to many wives. Not to mince the matter, the Major, looking at her from the tail of his eye, saw that it had made no impression whatever.

"How shall you get out of the mess?" quoth she.

"I can get out of it in two ways. One is by paying up; the other, by shooting myself."

"Ah," said she equably, "people who talk of shooting themselves rarely do it. Don't be an idiot, Barnaby."

"Caroline," he rejoined in a tone that was certainly agitated, "if I make light of it to you, it is to save you vexation; but I speak literally and truly, that I must pay, or—or—disappear somewhere—either into the earth or over the sea."

"What can be done?" she inquired, after a pause of consideration. "We have no ready-money to spare; our expenses seem to swallow up everything. Often I can't make it out."

"Our ready-money would not suffice. The poor fellow was inextricably involved; and," he added, dropping his voice to a faint whisper, "ten or twelve thousand pounds would not more than pay it."

Mrs. Dawkes gave a scream of semi-dismay. As to the "ten or twelve thousand," the Major did not think it prudent to mention a higher sum then, but that much would prove but a sop in the pan.

"But for that deceitful old aunt of mine dying, and leaving me nothing in her will (I hope there's a Protestant purgatory, and that she's in it!), I should never have had occasion to tell you this. Indeed, but for the expectation of inheriting her fortune, I should not have answered for the poor fellow."

"What is to be done?" repeated Mrs. Dawkes, returning to the practical consideration of the dilemma, and leaving the by-gone "expectation" in abeyance; for it was a question she and he entertained opposite opinions upon.

"One thing can be done, Caroline; you can help me out—if you will."

"I'll see repeated."

"You can get Tom's trustee, Kage, to let me have the money. I will repay it as soon as I possibly can. There will be no difficulty in that, and no risk."

"He will not do it."

"He will, if you bid him. For me he would not."

"He never will," she repeated. "I know Thomas Kage too well. He is the most perfectly straightforward, honorable man breathing; ridiculously so. I am right, Barnaby, cross as you look over it. Tom's money is not his to lend, and I am sure he never would hear of advancing a pound of it."

Major Dawkes nearly lost his temper. It was a way of meeting the request that he did not at all admire.

"Will you ask Kage?"

"No. Ask him yourself."

"An ill-conditioned worthless man! He never ought to have been made the boy's trustee," spoke the Major in a suppressed foam.

Mrs. Dawkes smiled equably.

"If you were but half as worthy as he!"

"Will you lend me?" demanded the Major.

"I have not the power; and if I had, I would not suffer Tom's money to be played with."

"You have this much power: any request

preferred to Kage by you, and made a point of it, would be completed with."

"Nonsense! I'll do nothing of the kind. My child is my child, and his interests are identified with mine. You should not get into these habits. No man would, with common foresight, unless he knows that he shall have the means to meet them."

Angry and wroth, Major Dawkes broke out in a temper. The little boy, most sensitively timid, shivered at the raised voice, left his picture-book and stole forward, halting in the middle of the room.

"You see how necessary it is that Tom's trustee should be a man of firmness, that he may guard against such emergencies as the present," spoke Mrs. Dawkes rather tauntingly—at least, it so sounded to the Major's pricking ears. "I am very sorry, Barnaby, that you should have got yourself into this dilemma; but it is not my boy's money that can extricate you from it."

Biting his lips to control his fury to silence, Major Dawkes turned round and stepped against the child, not knowing he stood there. It wanted but that encounter to set him off. Out came the passion.

"You little villain," he cried with an imprecation, "do you dare to stand between me and—and—your mother? There's for you!"

It was a cruel blow he struck the child, and it felled him to the ground. Quite beside himself in the blind hatred of the moment, the irrepressible passion, Major Dawkes gave him a kick as he lay—one of contempt more than of violence—and went from the room, a furious man. Mrs. Dawkes raised the boy in her arms and tottered to a seat; weak from her late illness, it was indignation that gave her strength to bear him. For several minutes neither of them spoke. The child sobbed on her neck, she sobbed on his.

"Mamma, what had I done?"

"You had done nothing, my darling. He wants to spend your money," she added in her indignant resentment.

"Oh, mamma, let him have it; let us go away from here! Papa is never kind to me now."

"Yes, we will go away," she emphatically rejoined. "We will go to the Rock, my boy; your own home, and mine. If papa likes to follow us, and behave himself, he may; and if not, he can stay where he is!"

"Let papa have my money," repeated Tom Canterbury. "I don't care for money."

"You do not understand, dear. The money is Mr. Kage's at present; he would not give it to Major Dawkes if he asked him ever so."

In came Judith at this juncture, ready to attend Master Canterbury on his walk. She saw the tears and the red eyes.

"Why, what has taken him now?" cried she in angry surprise.

"He has been vexed," replied Mrs. Dawkes harshly; "a little thing seems to vex him now. I don't think he can be quite well, Judith."

"It's the warm weather, ma'am," said Judith. "He'll get up all right after a bit. What he wants is fresh country air."

"And he shall have it too. The streets are damp after the rain, Judith," continued Mrs. Dawkes, "too damp for him to walk. You had better order the carriage."

So the carriage came round, and the young heir of the Rock was driven away in it to take the air, his nurse sitting opposite to him. When the sound of the wheels had faded away on the ear, Major Dawkes entered the drawing-room. He was ready to strike himself down, as he had struck the boy, for giving way to so impolitic a guest of passion. His wife listened to his apologies in haughty silence.

"Caroline, believe me, I was betrayed out of my senses; but it arose from over-anxiety for your peace and comfort."

"It is for my peace and comfort that you ill-treat my child!" sarcastically rejoined Mrs. Dawkes.

"He is an angel, and I love him as such," proclaimed the Major emphatically. "I was in a whirlwind of passion, Caroline, and did not know in the least what I did. I was agonized at the prospect before you; yes, my dear, before you; for I can't pay that poor dead man's creditors, they'll come in. Into this very house, and seize upon it, and all that is in it."

"Seize our house and all that is in it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawkes in an access of consternation.

"Every earthly thing the walls contain."

"Will they seize me and Tom?"

Major Dawkes gave vent to a dismal groan; but for his state of mind it would have been a laugh. Mrs. Dawkes, shielded always from this kind of the world's frowns, utterly inexperienced, had put the question in real earnest.

"They'd not touch you and Tom, my dear; but they would take every stick and stone in the place. They are frightful harpies. You would be left here with bare rooms, and I should be in prison, unable to protect you. It is not that; think of the shock such a scandal would cause in society!"

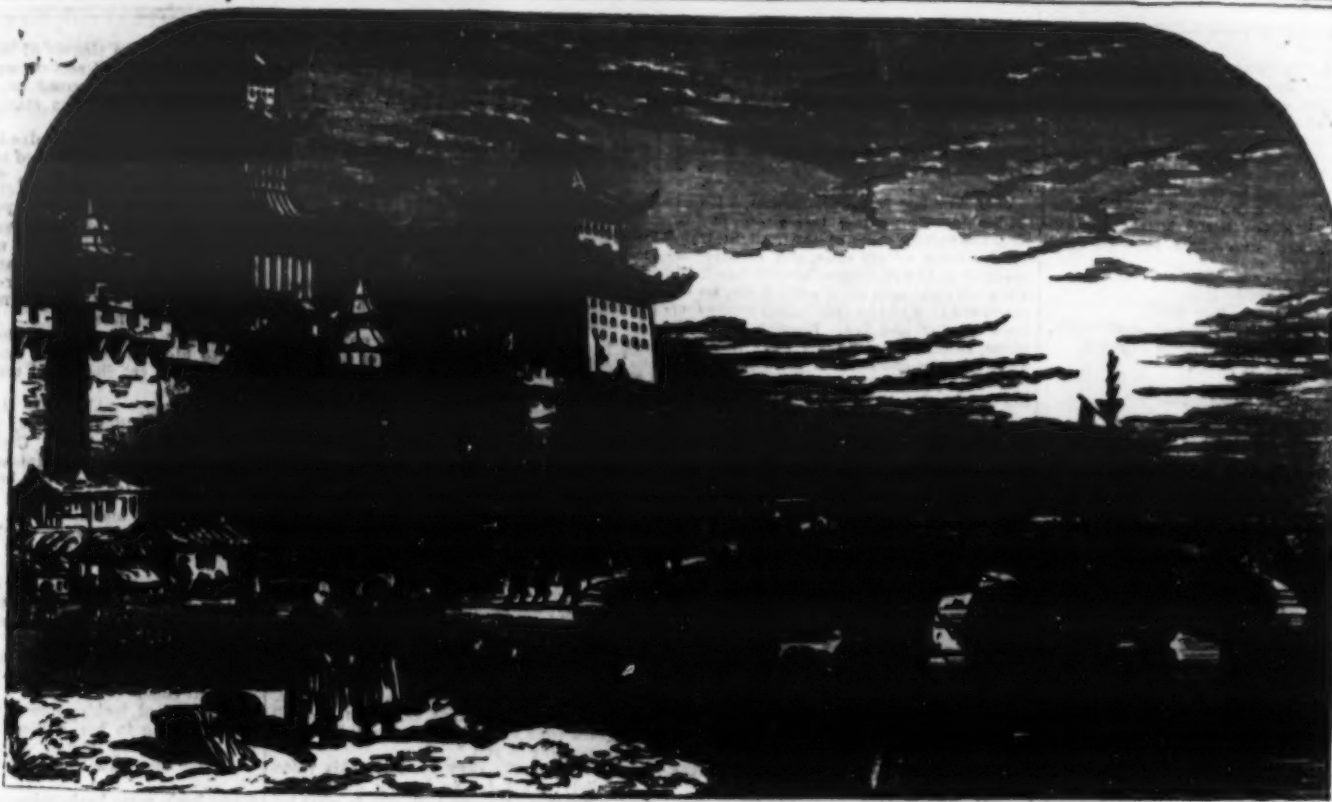
The last sentence told on her ear. Society? Ay, there's the terrible bugbear of civilized life. What will society think? what will society say? But for society our "sticks and stones" would often be lost with less intense pain than they are. Major Dawkes enlarged upon the frightful prospect, painting the scenes of the canvas in strong colors, until his wife shrank from it as much as he did. Writing a note, she despatched it by a servant to Mr. Kage's chamber.

And when little Tom Canterbury got home from his drive, his step-father lifted him from the carriage himself, and carried him in to his mother. He did feel sorry for having struck the blow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Camellia in Japan.

In an entertaining and truthful work, entitled *Our Life in Japan*, the following occurs on a subject peculiarly interesting to horticulturists:—"The growth of the camellia-tree in Japan is most wonderful. Let not the smile of incredulity light up the face of the reader when we state that we have seen some of them attain the height of least forty feet. Many such as these we passed, and the appearance of them in full blossom may be imagined. Before we had seen this ourselves, we should have thought it about as likely a circumstance that we should one day sit under the shade of our own magnolia as that we should ride for miles under camellia trees in full flower. Later in the season, when the camellias have ceased to bloom, their place is supplied by the azaleas, which mark the hill-sides with gaudy patches of crimson, and the landscape becomes more gorgeous than ever."



THE WESTERN GATE OF PEKING.

The great city of Peking, in China, consists of two perfectly distinct parts. The Tartar city is the northern half, and is a

perfect square, each side being four miles long. The Chinese city, on the south, is two miles deep and five miles long. Both

cities are surrounded by lofty and massive walls, and the great gates are noble structures. There are sixteen of them

in all. Peking contains between one and a half and two millions of inhabitants.

THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERDES.

The blue wave whispers on the lazy beaches;
The sea-bird sleeps upon the dreaming
sand;

The sunlight never leaves the glittering
reaches;
Our world is steeped in listless, changeless
ease.

Moments are flying,
But little we deem;
Rest is undying;
Dream, sisters, dream.

The golden fruit hangs safely from the
bough,
Watched by the wary guardian's sleepless
eye;

All else lies slumbering; let us slumber too,
In fancy lost amidst the far blue skies.
What should we live for—
Is not peace best?

What should we strive for,
We who would rest?

The gossamer hangs idle in the sun;
The brook forgets to murmur as it flows,
The trees to whisper in the summer noon—
Eternal noon, that finds no dreary close.
Flowers never wither
In our fair isle;
Naught cometh hither
But sweetness and smile.

From odorous boughs the fragrant perfume
drips,
The sweet earth's breath; the trembling
aspen-leaf

Lays by her fears; the flowers with eager
lips
Drink in the glassy calm, and sigh relief.
Wild exultation
Comes nevermore;
Love without passion
Reigns on our shore.

O rest, more sweet for that wild sea beyond,
Girding the homes of men who know these
not;
A little race, who, bound in one strong bond,
Go forth through darkness to an unknown
lot.

Come, then, ye mortals,
Who would be blest,
Enter our portals,
And find your rest.

The Dressmaker's Story.

A competent and tasteful dress-maker told me, not long ago, that she had an idea her experience in what were called the first families of New York would surprise me, and it did.

"I have been out as dressmaker," she said, "for fifteen years. The first five years I was imposed upon in every imaginable manner; but since then I have managed very well. I got so at last that I knew how to fix the women who put me off from day to day and week to week about my money—I went to their husbands. Sometimes it would make a fuss; but I couldn't afford to work without compensation, and I was bound to get it somehow. I tell you, though, I have pitied some women terribly. Many of them, after contriving all ways to procure a nice dress, cloak, or some article of wearing apparel, past having pinched here and there, and, in some cases, compelled to actually lie in regard to household expenses, to procure the necessary trimmings, the funds would be completely exhausted before I had finished my work, and the result was no pay. After a good many losses and heart-aches I finally adopted a plan which has worked very well. Whenever I went to a new family I always informed the lady of the house that my price was so much per day; and, to save trouble, I insisted, in every instance, upon being paid each evening. I made up my mind that a woman who could not make it convenient to pay me for one day's work would naturally find some difficulty in settling for a dozen. Goodness," she continued, "as I ventured to remark that I should suppose one could tell by appearances, and the acknowledged social position of the families who employed her, whether they could be relied on or not; 'not a bit of it. Brown stone fronts, Wilton carpets, full length mirrors, velvet and satin, are no criterion of honesty, let me tell you. Why,' said she, 'you know Mr. —, don't you?' mentioning a gentleman extensively known in political and literary circles."

"Oh, yes; well," I replied.

"Then you know what kind of an establishment he keeps. Mrs. — engaged me—or, rather, requested my services for a month. I stated my terms before I took my things off. She laughed in my face."

"Why," said she, "how ridiculous! I shouldn't suppose you would find any employment at all if you are as suspicious of everybody as this."

"After a long talk I agreed to work for her by the week—that is, to receive my pay at the end of each week. My breakfast at this establishment consisted of two slices of stale bread and a cup of coffee you could see forty fathoms in; at noon, two more slices of bread, two potatoes, and sometimes a piece of corned beef or ham; and for supper, what do you think?—a bowl of oatmeal gruel and a couple of crackers. My meals were served to me in the sewing room. I had no means of knowing whether the family lived in this manner or not. Well, the week came to an end at last, and I waited for my lady to settle—having made up my mind, after receiving my money, that I would inform her I should not come again, and why. My stomach was so faint before night that I was all of a tremble. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and no one came near me. I finally rang the bell, and a servant informed me that Mr. and Mrs. — had gone to Staten Island, to remain over the Sabbath. Monday morning I was there at the usual time. Mrs. — arrived about eight o'clock. She called into the sewing room, where I sat with my bonnet and shawl on."

"Why, what is the matter that you are not at work?" she inquired.

"You did not settle with me, as you agreed, Saturday evening," I replied; "and I am waiting for my money."

"Oh, pshaw!" she laughed, "what a particular body you are, to be sure. Why, child, what do you think—that I mean to cheat you out of your honest wages?"

"I don't think anything about it, Madam. I answered, beginning to grow vexed with the cool impudence of her manner; 'I never speculate on such subjects. You agreed to pay me Saturday evening for my week's work; you did not fulfil your contract, and now I hope you will see the necessity of attending to it at once.'"

"Well, well," she replied, "go on with your work, and I will make it all right when Mr. — comes home."

"Now what could I do? If I refused to comply the probabilities were that she would never pay me a cent; and if I did as she desired I might get my money—although I confessed it looked exceedingly dubious. So I seated myself again at my work, and went on with the old programme, or, rather, bill of fare—stale bread, potatoes and oat-meal. Six o'clock arrived; Madam did not make her appearance. Madam, I was informed, after ringing again for a servant, had been out for more than an hour, and would not be back until late—somebody in upper tendon having a reception."

"There is nothing for you to do," she continued, "but to go home; and it is a bitter pill to swallow. I can tell you; for I needed the money badly, on account of having a sister down with the inflammatory rheumatism, and while I was out to work I was compelled to hire some one to take care of her. When I went home that night I had not fifty cents in the world. We were out of coal, out of candles, out of everything, and my poor little sister groaning with pain. I hadn't a single friend of whom I could borrow a dollar. A silver ladle—which was the only remnant of past luxury, and which I had kept through all reverses—I hid under my shawl, so that my sister needn't be the wiser for it, and marched to the nearest pawnbroker's shop. I received five dollars on it, and a yellow ticket, which made my blood turn cold in my veins to look at. The next day about noon, I presented myself at the office of Mr. —, the husband of the woman who had failed to pay me. I had considerable difficulty in getting an audience."

"Well, young woman," said he, in an abstracted sort of a manner, "what can I do for you?"

"I told him, as concisely as possible the history of my grievances."

"Humph!" he granted, and then gave me a quizzical, half gratified look, which I scarcely understood.

"Humph! well, yes; you have done a very proper thing; and he commenced to count out the amount."

"Mark my words, young woman: You will always find that your best friends are among the men. Women never can be business-like—it isn't in 'em."

"But they can be just," I ventured to remark. "Women can at least refuse to hire work done which they see no way to pay for."

"Tut tut, child! you don't know what you are talking about. My wife had money enough to settle your little bill a dozen

times over, but she probably feared she should come short on some of her 'fixes,' and the wretch laughed as if he had said a very smart thing."

"I pocketed the money and walked away, leaving the strange man muttering and laughing as if he, or somebody else, had done a very smart thing. But I will tell you one thing, and that is the truth," and the dressmaker laid her work on her lap for a moment, and looked me steadily in the eye. "I never yet asked a man for money which his wife owed me, (and I have been compelled to do it several times) without receiving the full amount, and pleasantly, too."

"Then, I suppose," I queried, "that you must have decided that men, generally, are more honest than women?"

"Not a bit of it," she replied; "I have decided that men, from long business practice, have accustomed themselves to meeting payments promptly, understanding that this is one secret of business success—and they are ashamed not to do so. Men who have paid me money owed by their wives, would, ten to one, refuse to let them have the amount—because a man can cheat and abuse his wife, and she will keep still about it, while an outsider would have no compunctions in making the matter known. That's the truth in a nut-shell."

Memories of a King.

A Paris correspondent is responsible for the following:—Before Napoleon I. married Maria Louise, he was one evening entering the park at Fontainebleau, when the savory perfume of something he remembered drew him to the keeper's lodge, and he discovered the scent to be the matter-of-fact smell of soup. There the bulky dish stood fuming away gloriously. Napoleon was hungry, and asked for a plateful of the wholesome food. While the good people were hurrying about to place the best of their crackery before him, the Emperor observed that one of the keeper's girls looked at him very sorrowfully, and when he had eaten the soup with much relish, he inquired what her grief was.

"I hear your Majesty is going to divorce our sweet mistress," answered the girl, "and it grieves us all." "You don't understand politics," said Napoleon, abruptly, and hurried away.

Josephine heard of what had been said by the keeper's daughter, and when she was divorced, presented her with a ring of pearls, thanking her for having said a kind word, while her courtiers looked on and remained indifferent. The ring has ever since been held in great veneration. Its last owner was, about six months ago, looking round his cellar, when his wife, who was with him, suddenly exclaimed that she had lost the ring. Search was made, all the wine was cleared out and the cobwebs disturbed, but it was nowhere to be found. Had his wife lost it in the cellar? She was confident she had. The stones were taken up; all in vain. Not more than three weeks ago he was again in the cellar giving orders about bottling some claret, and while explaining to his man how to rinse out the empty bottles, took one out of a heap lying by. It rattled; he held it up, and there was the ring.

Why Do We Oil Our Whetstones?

We oil our whetstones for several reasons. The first is that almost all stones, unless oiled, become glazed or burnished on the surface, so that they no longer abrade the metal. The second reason is that most stones, after being oiled, give a finer edge than they do in a dry or merely wet state. The pores of the stone become in a measure filled up, and while the action is rendered continuous, its character is altered. A dry stone is very apt to give a wire edge to a tool, and although this sometimes happens when oil is used, it does not occur nearly so often. It has been said that a little carbonic acid dissolved in the water which is used to moisten a whetstone or a grindstone will greatly increase the friction, and thus promote the action of the stone upon the steel instrument. If this be true, and there be no unforeseen drawbacks, carbonic acid will prove invaluable to all who have to sharpen tools or grind metallic surfaces.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

A Berlin professor says that all children are born with blue eyes; the darker hues come later.

Good name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

(CONCLUDED.)

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by E. Prescott & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

XLIII.

RUTH SINGS TWICE.

I never said a word to Rupert, who was as silent as myself. I felt that I almost hated him for coming between me and Cecil, and that Ruth was not worthy of the sacrifice I was making, and had no business to accept it. I know that I looked sulky, for Rupert said that his nymph was getting to look savage, and as he was then retouching the face, I knew he intended a hit at my expression. I looked more lowering than before, but he pointed away, humming a tune, with his head on one side, and trying to appear as if he didn't care. Time passed. I looked at my watch. "Eleven o'clock! I expected Ruth long before this."

Rupert did not seem to hear.

"Ruth is going to stay with me for a while."

"Very pleasant for her."

"And for me also."

"I didn't know that you were so fond of her."

"I am not very fond of her; but we women always stand up for each other."

"I thought you were more in the habit of knocking out the props."

"You didn't think any such thing."

"Have your own way, and live the longer."

"I wanted to box his ears, but I felt that he was trying to provoke me, and determined to keep my temper. 'If people live the longer for having their own way, I should think all the married women would die off.'"

"Hem! You have had no experience of that kind. Cecil has let you have your own way altogether."

This was more than I could endure. I walked up to him and deliberately boxed his ears. No love-pass, but a blow that made my fingers tingle. As I took away my hand, Ruth came into the room. Rupert's face was scarlet, and so was mine, but she did not seem to remark it as she came up to us, and said very gently to Rupert, "May I speak to you?"

"Certainly," he replied, having given her but one glance and turned to his work again, over which his brush flew lightly, but I observed that the strokes were slightly unsteady.

She was standing behind him, and she looked at me and made a gesture. I interpreted it, and retired to the other end of the long room, where I could hear nothing that was spoken in an undertone. But I could not help watching them, feeling the interest I did, and wondering what would be the result of this interview, and what it was that Ruth was about to say. I could not see her speaking to him quietly but earnestly, while he continued his work, though the strokes came at longer intervals, and presently he stopped, inclining his head towards her, but without raising his eyes. Then he said a few words, and she bowed her head as if satisfied, and moved away from him. She came towards me, looking very pale, but calm. I said, "Rupert does not need me any more; let us go and walk in the garden." She assented, and I rang for a couple of wraps, then told Rupert our intention, and asked him to stay to luncheon. He thanked me, without assenting, and we draped ourselves, head and shoulders, and descended—Red-Ridinghoods for the time being.

When we came in, there was Rupert waiting for us. I took this as a matter-of-course, and we sat down to the small, cozy table. Aunt Julia joined us, and we were quite gay, with the exception of Ruth, who smiled often, but said little.

When Ferd came in, after luncheon, he looked surprised at the addition to our party, but Rupert being present, said nothing. In the course of the evening, I saw him watching the two, without appearing to do so, and he was evidently puzzling his brains as to the possible termination of affairs.

Ruth became more herself, as the evening passed. Her eyes brightened, her cheeks reddened, and she fell into her old, coquettish ways and tones of speech. It seems

old, but I remarked that when she was quiet, Rupert had glanced at her occasionally, and had even addressed her once or twice; but as she became animated, and began to talk and laugh, he grew cold again, and did not even turn his head her way. Later in the evening, Ferd, who had been hanging around her in the old fashion, asked her to sing. She complied, without hesitation; and I never heard her sing more sweetly, in my life. This is what she sang:—

Good-night, good-night—
The moon shall round and wane,
Fill her bright circle, fade, and swell again,
Until her slender sickle's shine appears
Hung o'er a sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
The sun shall rise and set,
Seed-time nor harvest the good God forget—
The soft grass spring, the tall grain shake its ears,
Time bind his sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
The wild flowers of my spring,
You trembling plunked, beneath your feet
You fling,
And all my golden-autumn's grain appears
Lost in the sheaf of years.

Good-night, good-night—
How pale the moon shall shine,
How cold the sun look, in our days' decline,
How worthless, heaped by aged hands, with tears,
The harvest of the years!

(What Ruth told some one afterward.)

Before I went into the painting room, I had resolved to tell Rupert that he was standing between Eleanor and her husband, trusting the rest to his sense of honor. This I did, in as few words as possible, without referring to my own hopes or fears; and Rupert replied as briefly, that he would make it right. I knew then, that he would do what he could; for, if he gives his word, it is for once and forever. Then Eleanor and I went to walk in the garden; and when we came in, we found luncheon and Rupert awaiting us. It was evident that he did not intend that my presence should interfere with either his habits or his pleasure; so, during the evening, he devoted himself to me. Talk about tortures for the body! They are nothing to those that the heart can suffer; and when I went to bed that night, I felt as if I had been on the rack, mentally, with the addition of heart-screws. Instead of thumb-screws, and I didn't feel like joking about it then—that "the Duke of Exeter's daughter" was no thing compared with Richard Rupert's son.

Rupert came over to work on his painting the next morning, as was his custom; but Eleanor did not sit to him, preferring to drive me out in her pony phaeton. We had not gone very far before Rupert and Ferd appeared, having followed us, on horseback—and, apparently by chance, Rupert rode by my side of the carriage. He actually spoke to me once or twice, and I was foolishly happy, to a degree that I had never known before in my life. Presently, he bent towards me, and said, in a low tone, "I have written." Then his horse bounded away, and knowing that he had only lingered near me to tell me that, my spirits went down to zero. He preceded us during the remainder of the drive, but I was so absurdly in love, that to be allowed to look at his back and shoulders, and the close-cut curls under his hat, was happiness enough for the time being. When we reached home again—I was so far gone that I called wherever he was home—we found him and Ferd already dismounted, and waiting to help us out of the carriage. I expected that Ferd would perform that duty for me, but, when Eleanor drove up the ponies, Rupert was on my side of the carriage. I could hardly believe my eyes. I knew that my hand trembled as I placed it in his, and I felt my cheeks flame. He lifted me out, almost with his old tenderness—you will laugh at the idea of anyone being lifted out of a pony carriage—but I made the most of the step to the ground, and contrived to stumble, so that he was obliged to support me in his arms for the space of a minute—I made capital of that minute, looking up into his eyes, and dropping my head, carelessly, on his shoulder, and I thought that his face flushed, and that he looked down at me, as he used to look before the beginning of those dreadful days. Then I ran into the house. Eleanor followed me in a few minutes. She was in quite a state of excitement, and told me that Rupert had promised to stay to dinner.

"Well?" I said.
"Don't you see that it's a good omen? He does not seem to wish to avoid you; on the contrary, I think he seeks your society, for he never has followed me on horseback, and I have been to drive, every morning, for some time. I have sent over for some of your things, and want you to make a handsome toilette, and make him as much in love with you as possible. You shall wear my pearls."

I kissed the dear, generous little thing. "You said that you wished to be my sister, but you are kinder than many real sisters. It will not be your fault if I am not a happy woman."

"You must be a happy woman; Rupert hasn't loved you through everything, all these years, to give you up now."

Anna soon returned, bringing the blue silk for which Eleanor had sent, and then proceeded to dress my hair. The blue silk and pearls were donned, and Eleanor, having turned me around, surveying me from every point of view, pronounced that Rupert would be an "insensible brute," should he prove callous to so many charms. Then we went into the drawing-room. Shall I confess that I went into that drawing-room with my color coming and going like a girl's, and my heart beating against my breast-bone like a hammer. I was looking my best, and if my good looks should fail to please Rupert!

I could not look up when I first went in, but Eleanor said that Rupert looked up, as I entered, and did not take his eyes from me from that time. He took me out to dinner, and what a dinner that was!—nectar and ambrosia, dispensed by Hebe and Ganymede, who seemed in some way to have gotten into the livery of the fat butler and tall footman. Rupert was too charming

*None of my readers may know that the "Duke of Exeter's daughter" was an ingenious instrument of torture.

for my peace of mind, unless this super-should be lasting, and so coolness supreme. Eleanor contrived to get near me in our transit from the dining-room, and to pinch my arm black and blue, in silent congratulation. Ferd was as bad as Eleanor, performing a species of jig behind us all the way.

That evening was Paradiacal. Rupert sat beside me on a low tete-a-tete, just beyond the fitful gleams of the firelight, which lit the frills of my skirt, and occasionally sparkled in the ring upon his left hand, but when his right arm stole around me, no one perceived it, and the kiss he left on my forehead burned like fire. Eleanor sat at the piano, running her fingers over the keys, and giving us snatches of melody, now soft and dreamy, now gayest trills, with lingering touches between, like the slow-dropping of water. And Ferd sat on a low seat by the grate, his head on his hand, and his eyes upon the fire. He asked Eleanor to sing, and she declined, saying she had no voice that night.

"Ruth will sing," Rupert said, and led me to the piano, too happy not to have obeyed a harsher command. And then he stood by me, with his hand on my shoulder, playing with the curls of my hair, while I played the prelude of a song he had used to like:

Sweet eyes, your lightest look's a hymn
Such as floats through cathedral aisles,
Where, from some distant altar, smiles
The Virgin, looking down on Him,
Who, throned above the Seraphim,
Remains a child for us the while.

Sweet lips, your lightest word's a prayer,
Rising, like incense, to the sky;
All sorid hopes beneath you lie,
Nor ever to your level dare—
Like hallowed saint you seem to stand,
Bearing the lily in your hand.

Sweet heart, I do not dare to pray
That, in that pure and sacred shrine,
My mortal image should recline,
But if, while worshipping, some day,
The opened door I chance to see,
I'll lock me in, and hide the key.

XLIV.

(Lady Carrie's Diary.)

"YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS."

During this week, affairs have progressed astonishingly. Rupert seems as much in love with Ruth as ever, and Ruth is in the seventh heaven. Ruth still stays with me, but Rupert spends every day here, coming early in the morning, and going late in the evening, and their happiness sometimes almost sickens me. It is in such contrast with my loneliness. But I don't regret what I have done.

I was in the conservatory this morning, petting my flowers, when I heard a despairing cry. Not Ruth's voice, surely? Happy Ruth. I hurried as fast as I could in the direction of the sound, and nearly fell over a heap on the floor of the room I had entered. That heap was Ruth. I ran for help, and then tried to lift up the poor crushed thing's head from the floor. Crushed is all the epithet that would apply, for it seemed as if life itself had deserted her. She lay so prone, and was so flaccid and resistless when I put my hands under her shoulders, to raise her head. Aunt Julia came in, with a servant or two, and gave me a most significant glance when she saw what had happened. Having laid her on a lounge, and loosened her dress, we applied the usual restoratives, and Aunt Julia was about to send instantly for a doctor, when I stopped her. Ruth had just moaned out one word, in an agonized tone—"Forever!"

"I don't think she's naturally ill, Aunt Julia," I said, in her ear.

"She has had a shock of some kind."

"A shock?"

"Yes. You may all go now," I said to the servants, and went to Ruth, as I saw her eyes unclose. She held out both hands to me.

"Eleanor—" and then she began to weep.

"What is it, dear?" I asked, after an interval.

"He has gone."

"Rupert gone?"

"Yes. Oh-o-o-h!" A long, shuddering moan.

"But why? I cannot understand it."

Ruth sat upright, and clenched her two hands together, until they looked like hands carved in marble. "Eleanor, he has been playing with me. He has meant to go all the time. He did it to punish me. Oh! how could he? how could he?" She beat her hands together in a paroxysm of grief, and tore at her long, loosened hair.

"Oh! Ruth, don't! You'll pull your hair out."

"What do I care? My looks are of no importance now."

"But, Ruth, I can't understand how Rupert—"

"He said that I had changed him—that this was what a wicked woman could do—that he, who had hated to hurt a girl, now delighted in my tears, and was glad to have been so cunning and cruel as to have matched my cruelty and cunning."

"Why, Ruth, he is a wretch!"

"If he is a wretch, I made him so. Ah! me! Ah! me!"

"Why, Ruth, you loved him so, and he knew it!"

"If he hadn't, he couldn't have hurt me so. Eleanor, I am only twenty-seven years old. I may live to be sixty, and all those years without him!"

"Oh! he will be sorry for this. He cannot be so deliberately wicked."

"I set him the example. It is all my fault."

"A man should be more generous than a woman. He is stronger. And, Ruth, did you tell him—"

"I would not appeal to his pity if his love failed me. I have not sunk as low as that."

"But, my dear, if he had known—"

"He never shall know from me. He might hate—"

"Oh! don't say such things, dear!"

"That will be such a comfort, Eleanor, and it might be taken from me."

"Never. I know Rupert better than that."

"However, I shall say nothing; and I probably never shall know where he is, if I wished to speak."

"Oh! he can't disappear as entirely as that. We will look him up."

"He said 'forever.' It said Ruth, hanging her head. "Oh! if it were not—Eleanor, the weather's too cold for drowning comfortably, isn't it?"

"Don't talk so, Ruth. It is wicked,

Whatever burden God gives us, He gives the power to bear with it."

"But I never loved God, you know! I have been a wretch all my life."

"I don't doubt this is sent you for your good then. And from this evil may spring your future happiness."

"Nothing worse can happen to me now, unless—unless I should lose my good looks, for then he wouldn't look at me in my coffin."

"You were not pretty when he first loved you."

"He thought so. He liked my grace and the 'charm' he used to rave about better than my real good looks. Eleanor, perhaps I shall grow this and black now."

"No, keep fast as you are, for now you are very, very beautiful."

"She half-smiled as I said this. It always did do Ruth good to tell her she was pretty. I made her dress herself for dinner, but it was a sore task for her. I knew it would do her good to make the exertion, and that nothing is so dispiriting as moping around all day in one's morning dress. Ferd tried to make up for Rupert's absence, but the change was so great from yesterday to today that he could not succeed. However, Ruth tried to be cheerful, and contrived to get off a feeble joke or two, so different from her hearty, unconstrained mirth of the past week."

"We will have a game of some kind this evening when Ferd comes in," I said, as we sat in the twilight, Ruth by the grate and I at the piano, fingering out a few chords.

"Here he is! Speak of this—you know!" I turned from the piano, saying, "We were just speaking of you."

"Were you?" How strangely his voice sounded! I sat for an instant dumb with apprehension of more evil, and in that instant he came slowly towards me and stood by my side, crossing my hair.

"You have heard no bad news?" I asked, breathlessly.

"None."

"How you frightened me! Your voice sounded so strangely."

"Did it?" He had his arm across my shoulder now, and was drawing me towards him with an almost passionate clasp.

"Ferd! I—" He was showering kisses on my cheek, brow and lips, and drawing me ever closer. I struggled with him.

"Ruth, I think Ferd is—"

"Hullo! what is that about Ferd?" said his voice from another part of the room.

"Ferd! who is this, then?"

"One who has a right to kiss you, in spite of all your struggles."

"And I was lifted up and borne within the circle of the firelight, which leaped up, sparkling, and flamed across Cecil's face. I did not scream, nor cry, nor faint away—I only looked up into his face and said, 'Cecil! Cecil! Cecil!'"

"You seem to like the name," said Cecil, laughing.

"It's the sweetest name in the world. Oh! you are not going away again?"

"Never. My place is now with my wife and—"

"He whispered the last word in my ear."

"I am so happy that I am almost ashamed of my happiness, for Ruth must now feel as I felt. She says she is glad to see me so happy, but I know it must cut her to the heart sometimes, and makes me feel sometimes as if I ought to apologize for being glad when she is sad. Cecil is very kind to her. He will not hear of her going back to her own lonely home, and I am not jealous that he should wish to keep her. I am sure of him now."

Ruth isn't as sad as she was a week ago. I overheard one of the housemaids saying that she had "perked up wonderfully." If perking up means adopting the most becoming toilettes for morning and evening, and spending any amount of time on her hair, she has done so. She also finds it possible to smile occasionally, and is no longer so very languid in her conversation. Ferd is willing to entertain her all day, and every day, but she seems to prefer Cecil's companionship. I will do Cecil the justice to say that he does not seek her, but then she does seek him, and how can he help feeling flattered, she is so beautiful and so sad, unless he is speaking to her, when she illuminates! I told him the other day that he is the light of that widowed transparency, and he laughed and pulled my hair. Then I acknowledged to him that I was jealous.

"You needn't be, my precious. Don't I know Ruth, and don't I know you?"

I had a plan for putting Ruth to a test, and when I could get away from Cecil I went to the door of her room and knocked.

"Come in," she said. I went in, and found her fussing over a dress.

"I am glad to see that you have recovered some interest in your looks," I said, in rather a sarcastic tone.

"It isn't natural to me to be dowdy," she replied, trying the effect of some rich old lace, with her head on one side. I colored a little, for I had not dressed much lately, and I thought I observed a side-glance at my plain dark gown.

"It makes such a difference, having a man in the house."

"And now, when there are two."

"Cecil can be of no importance."

"Why?"

"He is married," I said, rather lamely.

"Marriage hasn't deprived him of his eyesight."

"It should for every woman but his wife."

"Things are not always as they should be."

"Indeed they are not."

"I never saw a man, married or otherwise, who hadn't both eyes and ears. And if I can please both, I shall."

"Do you defy me?"

"Defy you? Oh, no! We are not in competition."

"You are trying to compete with me."

"Am I?"

"You are at your old tricks with Cecil."

"Lady Carrie, am not I to be allowed to look pretty, and sing well, because your husband is in the house?"

"If my husband were not in the house, you would neither sing nor dress as well."

Ruth came up to me, and threw her arms around me.

"Eleanor, we have almost quarrelled! I never will quarrel with you again; for never can I forget how much I owe you."

What could I do, but return the embrace?—not very cordially, I must admit. And when she came down to dinner, she was dressed more exquisitely than ever before.

I had taken the hint with regard to dowdiness; and, on my part, had made as careful a toilette as Ruth. Instead of my usual high-bodied, long-sleeved dress, I now allowed my shoulders and arms to bare themselves to the light, in the square-set corsage

and from the loose sleeves of my sea-green silk, and wore a full set of aqua-marina; while my hair was dressed as carefully as Ruth's own. Cecil quite stared, when he saw me.

"The sea-symph has walked out of the painting," he said; and he led me in to dinner, instead of taking Ruth, which would have been more polite. But I didn't quarrel with his want of politeness. Ferd was at dinner, and he made up for Cecil's deficiency; but that was not what she wanted, and she was not, by any means, as lively as usual at the dinner-table. She came and stood by Cecil and me, as we sat together after dinner.

"Don't she look lovely to-day?" she said to him, (meaning me) and then went to the piano, sat down, and touched a few deep chords.

"Pray sing," said Cecil. And she sang something thrillingly sweet, moving him with her voice, as of old. Cecil still sat by me. And Ruth, having finished, came towards us again, and drew a bric-a-brac almost to Cecil's feet, then seating herself, and looking up into his face.

"If you were away, would you wish Eleanor to sit in sackcloth and ashes?" she said.

"Undoubtedly. Didn't she do it?"

"I don't know," and Ruth's gaze wandered a little. I did not think that Cecil had spoken as she wished.

"And yet you were here all the time," said Cecil. Then he added—"But that is not your code."

She blushed, looking down at the jewelled hands resting in her saken lap. I got up and went to the piano. Cecil had never heard me sing. He should now.

Come back, come back, mine eyes are blind,
Come back, come back, mine eyes are blind,
My life is now no more they see;
My life is now no more they see;
Those kisses were for me,
When first this world shone as a star,
My soul was formed for thee.

Come back, come back, my heart is void,
And sore with vain regret;
Thou art a wandering asteroid,
In no fixed system set.
When this old world first saw the sun,
Our loves and fates had then begun.

"Why, Eleanor, you sing as well as Ruth!" said Cecil, coming over to me, and humming—

"When this old world first saw the sun,
Our loves and fates had then begun."

Ruth has been to me this morning, to say that she must go home. She has so much to do; and she feels that home affairs have been too long neglected. I agreed with her perfectly, though I didn't say so—but advised her to wait and hear what Cecil has to say about it—Cecil having been the one who has urged her to stay—and I don't wish her to have it in her power to say that I have driven her away. Query—Would she have wished to go, had it not been for her failure of yesterday?

Cecil had been gone all the morning, and did not return until quite late. Ruth must have been on the watch, for, as soon as he came into the hall, she slipped into the drawing-room; and then I heard her go out into the hall and speak to him. The drawing-room door shut. And in about a quarter of an hour, Cecil came into my dressing-room.

"It seems that Ruth is going," said he.

"Not until she has asked your advice."

"She has asked, and I have given it. I told her that I thought, if she ever expected Rupert's return, she had better have a home in readiness for him."

"What did she say to that?"

"She cried a little, and said that she expected to be alone all the rest of her life."

"What did you say then?"

"That you would always be here, if she wished companionship; and that she must call upon me, in all business matters."

"Poor Ruth!"

"She is to be pitied."

"At any rate, Cecil, she will always be kind to her."

"I shall always be kind to her, I hope; as for you, I really begin to think that you are an angel."

(From Lady Carrie's Diary, some eight months later.)

I told Nurse I should wish her to carry Baby across the garden, as I was going to see Mrs. Rupell. She brought me the little thing, all bedizened with ribbons, that I might admire her freshly-brushed curls and new blue shoes. Papa came in at this juncture, and having asked where Baby was going, that she should be so fine, I told him to see Ruth.

"To compare babies, I suppose. Don't you wish my company?"

"You may give me your arm for that distance."

"What an old lady you have become since Baby's advent. Must mamma never jump nor run, but always move at the dignified pace you have so recently adopted?"

"Oh! I can run, sir. I am not so very old yet."

"I don't believe you can. Do you, Nurse?"

"My lord, her ladyship can go like a bird."

"I challenge your ladyship to a race, then. We will take these two alleys, and see who will first reach the latticed gate. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Then—one, two, three, and away!"

I had gathered up my muslin skirts, and, at the last word, flew down the alley, my boots clicking over the gravelled-walk. I passed Andrew, who looked in grave astonishment, shot by a gardener's boy, who stood all month and eyes—rushed around the curve that led to the latticed gate, bounded against some opposing body, and fell, almost breathless, into a pair of arms.

"Did I beat you, Cecil?" I asked, as soon as I could catch my breath.

As I asked this question, I saw Cecil appear around the opposite turning.

"What do I see?" he cried, dramatically.

"And I, having released myself with a start, looked up at the owner of the arms—'Rupert!'"

"Yes, Rupert. I supposed of course you knew me. Do you throw yourself into the arms of any one who may happen to be around?"

"She only embraced the goal," said Cecil.

"You were the goal, you see."

"Then you knew, Cecil?"

"Of course I did. I spent last evening with him and Ruth."

"And never told me a word?"

"Rupert wished to surprise you. So I promised to send you to the gate this morning."

"Well, if you will throw your wife into another man's arms!"

"I didn't bargain for that. However, I can retaliate when I see Ruth."

"Here she comes!" said Rupert. "There's a boy for you!"

"I can match him with a girl."

"It's rather early to make such an arrangement," said Rupert. "But what do you say, Ruth, to contracting the boy to his little cousin, yonder?"

"I should say," said Ruth, blushing and smiling, "that it was acting up to what seems to have been a family-failing."

THE END.

Sunshine.

The Rev. George Grierson, D. D., of London, recently delivered a lecture on sunlight, in which he demonstrated how carbonic acid gas is deleterious to human life by exhaling into a bottle the air from his lungs, and then placing a light therein, which was at once extinguished. The life of a living insect, the doctor said, would have been extinguished as quickly. The oxygen which is necessary to life is derived from plants through the operation of the sun's rays—the yellow ray—and the vegetables in return absorb the poisonous carbon exhaled from the human lungs. Both these operations take place only in the sun's rays, hence the impropriety of sleeping with plants in our rooms. With man the sun's rays play a part very important. Under their operation continual change is taking place in the human system; a constant chemical process is in operation. The action of death was a mere chemical operation, produced by the incapacity of the system to inhale the necessary oxygen and exhale the poisonous carbon of the system. To preserve this condition in life, and a healthy system, as well as the development of the mental powers alike in old and young, a due proportion of sunlight is necessary.

The Pope Interviewed.

The Figaro tells this story:—The other day His Holiness the Pope was visited by an American lady, a Protestant. She had her right arm covered with chaplets, and asked his holiness to bless that arm. The Pope did so with his habitual union. When he saw that the lady then did not prepare to leave his room, he blandly said to her:—"Anything else, madame?" "Yes, your Holiness, I want your portrait." "Ah, my portrait?" said Pius the Ninth; "here it is." The lady took it, but did not

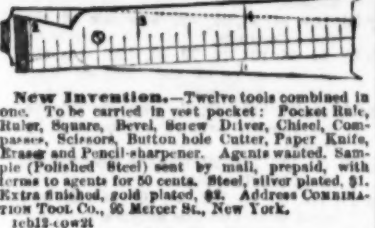
A Great Error.

A little girl, nine years old, attending a public school in Massachusetts, Connecticut, having failed to recite her geography lesson perfectly on a Thursday, was required on Friday to repeat the lesson for that day and the day before. She failed again, and, as a punishment, was required to stand on the floor in a passage-way, where there was a draft of cold air, while she learned it. She stood there for an hour, and afterward was compelled to stand in the school-room five hours longer, till she learned Thursday's lesson, and for an hour more, trying to learn Friday's, and was not released until sometime after the other scholars had been sent home. She is said to have been full of health and spirits on Friday morning; but on Saturday her legs began to swell, and she suffered intensely, soon becoming delirious, trying to repeat the lesson which was the occasion of her punishment, and begging of her teacher leave to take her seat. After a few days of this agony she died. An investigation was made, and the teacher found guilty of "error in judgment." The error was a very great and serious one.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA has presented a diamond ring to a M. Bechan, who has recently invented a mode of warming railway carriages without expense by utilizing the heat of the locomotive. The details of this most valuable invention have not yet reached us. It is rather a curious fact that in such an out of the way country as Russia, whose railways are but things of yesterday, railway travelling should be so much better understood than in England—the parent country of all railways. In Russia all are cheap fares, four classes of carriages, all well warmed and comfortable in every way. In the first class, beds, lavatories, and every luxury; and above all, punctuality on the longest journeys. It is one of the advantages, we suppose, of an absolute government.

A young woman of Indiana, keeps twenty-seven engagement rings hung up in her boudoir, the spoils of five years.

A little girl seeing a litter of kittens for the first time, expressed her opinion "that somebody had shaken pussy all to pieces."



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WIT AND HUMOR.

My Silver Wedding.

BY MOSES SKINNER.

It being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I couldn't better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and it seems but day before yesterday since I returned from her funeral an altered man, and told the undertaker to call round for his pay in the fall.

The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike, but I flatter myself that I fixed 'em here. In the first place, Mr. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silverware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents without getting bilious; and then we invited a few children in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives, and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and in addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring.

So the invitations read very much like this:—

MRS. CHARITY PHLEBOTOMY
and husband,
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. MOSES SKINNER'S SILVER
WEDDING,
January 17th.

*, Please bring silver castor, with extra
mustard jug.

MRS. JOANN BEEZUM
and husband,
You are both asked
To Mr. and Mrs. MOSES SKINNER'S SILVER
WEDDING,
January 17th.

*, We cherish fond hopes in your direction
in reference to a silver tea-pot.

On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll enclosing the words, "Please avoid dollar stores."

To say the affair was a success would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, but fail to find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a French roof will do, so I give it up.

On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the present called for. A silver pie-knife I received with a husky tremor in my voice, while an elegant silver teaspoon caused me to entirely break down with emotion, but I recovered, and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those that didn't bring presents were told that we were not at home, which of course made the gathering more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of gray hair streaked with silver, some silver tones from a maiden's voice, a silver beam from the moon, and some castor oil made from a silver castor.

Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em. No, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and baldheaded at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with more black eyes at the lowest market price, I pause ere I congratulate him on matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case like this, I should probably pause to the extent of two semicolons and a comma, ere I congratulated him.

If people would only learn to congratulate old maids and old bachelors, how much more sensible it would be.

I had previously engaged a beautiful band, who had agreed to discourse plaintive strains at the reasonable price of twenty cents a strain; but, as they failed to put in an appearance owing to a question of settlements, I was at my wits' end for music. As luck would have it, though, I found an Italian Count down at the Police Station, who was professor of that noble instrument, the hand-organ. He was perfect master of the instrument, having spent two years studying for a bass drummer, and amid his inspiring strains we were soon "slipping our heavy fantastic toes in the hazy waits," as Lord Byron says. Mrs. Stone to the contrary notwithstanding.

At ten o'clock, the Hon. A. Phrawd, of the Mutual Admiration Society of which I am President, came forward to present me with a silver-headed cane. This society is founded on the following sterling principles:—1. Mutual admiration among the members. 2. Presentation of something nice once in a while to each member as a slight testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by the other members. 3. "Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." For instance, I start a subscription to give Jones a watch. The members all subscribe, and I make the presentation speech. Jones, in gratitude, starts a silver urn for me, and then we jointly recognize Robinson's sterling qualities and give him a cane, and he retaliates by starting a subscription for Brown, &c.

Mr. Jones' speech was full of pathos, and, for the most part, entirely original. This I know, because I wrote it for him myself. As he stepped forward, a large hush fell upon that assembly, and you could have distinctly heard the explosion of a Parrot-gun. He said: "Mr. Skinner, a party of eleven gentlemen, recognizing your sterling qualities, and knowing you to be the soul of honor, venture to offer you this cane as a slight testimonial of the esteem in which you are held by the citizens of Boston. May you value it, sir, not for its intrinsic worth, but for the pleasant associations which crowd and elbow each other around it, and we trust—and the man we bought it of trusted too, sir—that it may be long before you are obliged to lean upon it for support—longer than it is now, if necessary—and may it then support you as well as your first wife did, Mr. Skinner—and—bless you, Mr. Skinner. Bless you!" And a large tear of tobacco-juice trickled down his chin. It was the most touching speech I ever listened to, and at its close weeping was plainly visible throughout the room. I myself counted thirty-seven distinct weeps.

Of course I was surprised and entirely overcome by emotion. My countenance worked convulsively, and I vainly strove to thank him, but was finally obliged to retire, sobbing hysterically, with the cane under my left arm.—True Flag.

*, Table sauce—Impudence at a meal.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

CONSEQUENT ON THE FASHIONABLE RAGE FOR TARTANS IN ENGLAND.

TIPSY RECRUIT.—"Hallo, comrad! Wha' reg'iment do you b'long to?"

A Bridal Anecdote.

Although the first recorded miracle in the New Testament was the converting of water into wine at a marriage ceremony, it is nevertheless not always safe to imbibe, even at a wedding, unless you know something of the vintage. Mistakes will happen, as was the case not long since with the Rev. Dr. —, of Newburyport, who was called down from his chamber to marry a couple. The hour was late, and the minister's wife, who had retired for the night, did not rise to witness the ceremony, but gave her husband particular directions for the entertainment of the wedding guests. "Don't forget to pass the cake and wine doctor," said she. "The cake is in the corner cupboard, and you'll find the wine on the third right-hand shelf in the sideboard."

The doctor promised obedience, and, putting on his garments, went down to perform the ceremony. When he returned to his chamber, half an hour later, he found his wife sitting up in bed, with an anxious expression on her face.

"Doctor," she cried, "did you give them any wine?"

"Certainly, my dear, just as you told me."

"Not from the decanter on the third shelf of the sideboard?"

"That is exactly where you directed me to find it, wife."

"Dear! dear! Did they drink much of it?"

"Why, yes, they emptied their glasses."

"What shall we do? Doctor, I made a mistake—it was the incorrect wine you gave them. Oh, how sick they must be! Do, dear, put on your cloak and go right after them—they can't have got far."

The minister found his bride's party at the corner of the next street. "What made you drink the wine?" he asked. "Couldn't you tell by the taste that there was something wrong about it?"

The bridegroom answered, between his quavering lips, "She whispered to me that it tasted dreadful queer, but I told her 'twas because we was gettin' married."

Hard on the Engineer.

An engineer on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad tells the following story of himself. One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "home-spun," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?"

"Certainly! Didn't you ever see one before?"

"No, haven't never seen one afore. Me 'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the feller, ain't it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?"

"We call this the cab."

"And that big wheel?"

"That's the driving wheel."

"That big black thing on the top is the chimney, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wat runs the machine?"

"I am the engineer."

"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, "after eying me closely for a few minutes, 'it don't take much of a man to be engineer, do it?'"

"All aboard!"

Tea and Coffee.

Hall's Journal of Health says: Taking into account the habits of the people, tea and coffee for supper and breakfast aid to human health and life, if a single cup be taken at either meal, and is never increased in strength, frequency or quantity. If they were more stimulants, and were taken thus in moderation and with uniformity, they would in time become inert, or the system would become so habituated to their employment as to remain in the same relative position to them as if they had never been used, as they are liable to abuse. But science and fact unite in declaring them to be nutritious as well as stimulant; hence they will do a new good to the system every day to the end of life, just as bread and fruits do; hence we never get tired of either. But the use of bread and fruits is daily abused by multitudes, and dyspepsia and cholera morbus result; yet we ought to forego the use of tea and coffee because their inordinate use gives neuralgia and other ailments. But the habitual use of tea and coffee at the last and first meals of the day has another high advantage—is productive of incalculable good in the way of averting evils.

We will drink at our meals, and if we do not drink these, we will drink what is worse—cold water, milk or alcoholic mixtures. The regular use of these last will lead the young to drunkenness; the considerable em-

ployment of simple milk at meals by sedentary people—by all except the robust—will either constipate or render bilious; while cold water largely used, that especially in cold weather, acts to itself so much of the heat of the system in raising said water to the temperature of the body—about one hundred degrees—that the process of digestion is arrested; in the meanwhile giving rise to a deadly sickness of the stomach, to twisting pains, to vomitings, purging, and even to cramps.

Fresh Starts.

The wish to begin again is one of those longings which are so universally common to the human race, and are felt so very early in the course of each man's experience, that we call them native impulses, or instincts.

As it is human to err, or to think that we have erred, so it is human to wish to repair real or fancied errors. And, like all natural impulses, the desire to start afresh may, under certain circumstances—such as the suffering produced by misconduct, or the higher tone of mind produced by education, by the discipline of study, and by conversation with noble natures—rise and swell into a passionate, irresistible longing.

In the domain of politics—that is to say, when this impulse acts upon men aggregated in society—it is called the revolutionary or reforming spirit. In the domain of ethics, when it acts upon men severally, it is called the spirit of self-improvement. And in either case, it is one of the most valuable stimulants and restoratives that human nature exhibits. It is to the spiritual and intellectual life pretty much what chloride of sodium is to the physical life. It is the salt of the social and moral world. The nation or the man that does not feel this desire must either be in a morbid state of self-satisfaction or in the exhibition of despair. So long as there is a healthy energy, whether of conscience or of hope, there must be a desire to begin again. And however often we begin amiss, hope is ever whispering to us that it is never too late to mend; that if the past is irreparable, the present is our own, and that the remedy for all our ills is a fresh start.

It is this aspiration that induced Polyocrates to throw his ring into the sea; that made Abah go softly; that drove Buddha to leave his father's house; that made Augustine abandon his work among the Manichees of Carthage. Indeed the whole life of the human race has been, like the lives of some of its most conspicuous members, one continuous series of struggles after better beginnings. And the popularity of such doctrines as that of metempsychosis and of purgatory shows the natural unwillingness of mankind to contemplate the impossibility of a commencement, and its feverish desire to regard even death itself as nothing more than a fresh start.

A Good Idea.

The Lexington (Kentucky) Home Journal, says that several Southern planters went to Illinois and Indiana last season for laborers to harvest their crops—and succeeded beyond their expectation. As the cotton and sugar crops are not usually gathered and saved before December, and very frequently not until February, and consequently after the grain and grass crops of the North are secured, they obtained reliable men for these comparatively leisure months, who went to work cheerfully and saved the Southern crops in excellent style. After a profitable late fall and winter engagement, these men returned home in season for spring's work. It is thought larger numbers will be engaged next year.

How Gen. Wool Made His Fortune.

The evening before the veteran General was stricken down with the illness that closed his eventful career, he made a most interesting statement to the editor of the Troy Whig, which conveys a practical lesson, and shows how easy it is to become rich after obtaining the first dollar, if one is prudent and economical. "I never made but \$20,000 in my life," said the General, emphatically, "but I always kept that at good interest." On our expressing surprise, he went on to explain. It seems that at the close of the war of 1812, the General found himself terribly wounded, but about even with the world, in a pecuniary point of view. Shortly afterward the Government sent him to the far South and West, on a special mission connected with military affairs, and for five years he travelled over mountains, and through the almost trackless wilderness, and accomplished his difficult mission, as he always did, to the entire satisfaction of the Government. He had not drawn a dollar from the Treasury, except for actual expenses, and at the end of the five years the Government owed him \$20,000, which was then paid. Here was the nucleus of his large fortune. General Wool was then about thirty-five years of age. He died at about the age of eighty-eight. Now, let the reader take this \$20,000, which, at compound interest, will nearly double every ten years, and in the fifty years intervening between the time of its receipt and the General's death, he will find that it will amount to more than the General's estate, to wit: \$400,000.

*, A man whose wife hanged herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied: "I cut her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down."

*, The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is said to be a hoax.

AGRICULTURAL.

Milk Marketing for Cities.

It has been generally supposed by farmers and railroad managers that milk could be transported profitably only about one hundred miles. Hon. J. K. Goodrich, of Berkshire County, Mass., has written a long letter addressed to the farmers of Berkshire county, Mass., for the purpose of showing that they are "practically as near the New York market for the sale of milk as those who live within twenty or thirty miles of the city."

He says that during the past season milk has been carried every day, even during the summer months, from Dalton and Pittsfield, Conn., to New York city by the Housatonic railroad, a distance of 160 to 170 miles. It has been brought to the stations in the afternoon, and delivered in New York in good condition the next morning in time to be served to city customers before breakfast.

The milk train was started on this road the 1st of October, 1887. It carried 44 cans of 40 quarts each the first day, and increased to an average of about 230 cans per day in 1888, and to about 360 cans per day in 1889. It is stated by Mr. Eli Smith, of Sheffield, that at first only four cans of 40 quarts each were sent from that station, and that during last summer it ran up to 87 cans, from 25 farmers, and that he expects from 140 to 150 cans, or a full carload, will be furnished next season.

Mr. Goodrich believes that this new business on the Housatonic road will greatly increase the value of farms on its route, and he says that one farmer admitted that the value of his farm had already been enhanced \$3,000 thereby. He believes that this business has added twenty millions of dollars to the value of farms on the Harlem road.

He also discusses its advantages to the railroad. He believes that the country of Berkshire alone may produce, and should produce within two or three years, 1,000 cans, or 40,000 quarts a day, and that in no other way, probably, can its farming lands be improved so much. He says that the demand for good, sweet, pure milk is almost unlimited, and is yearly increasing in a ratio far greater than the development of new sources of supply.

If milk can be sent 150 to 175 miles on the roads centering at New York, we should suppose that the milk circle might be greatly extended around all the cities.

Things Worth Knowing.

For galls on horses' backs or necks—one of the most effective remedies known, is an application of white lead moistened with milk. When milk is not at hand, common white lead paint will answer. If applied in the early stages of the injury, the cure is certain.

To cure scratches in horses wash with strong soap-suds, then with strong copperas water. Repeat twice a day until a cure is effected.

To test a horse's eyes, look at the eye carefully, when the horse is in rather a dark stable. Note the shape and size of the pupil, carry this carefully in your mind while you turn the horse about to a strong light. If the pupil contracts and appears much smaller than in the first instance, you may infer that the horse has a good strong eye; but if the pupil remains nearly of the same size in both cases, his eyes are weak, and you had better have nothing to do with him.

An excellent liniment for wounds, bruises, sprains, and swellings, may be made as follows:—A pint of good vinegar, a pint of soft soap, a handful of salt, and a tablespoonful of saltpetre. Mix thoroughly and bottle for use. This is very efficacious, and is cheaply and easily prepared.—Western Stock Journal.

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A SUGGESTION.—In reply to an inquiry of a farmer who complains that on land in Pennsylvania on which he formerly raised from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat, but now from only 12 to 20, and that the grain lodges badly, Mr. George Geddes, of Fairmount, New York, advises, if the land is rich, to use the Treadwell, Deihl, and other stiff-strawed varieties. Weak-strawed varieties, like the Mediterranean, will do best on poor lands; also to use less seed, and two or three bushels of salt, broadcast, to the acre.

RECEIPTS.

OYSTERS ETIQUETTE.—Procure two dozen oysters. Have them opened and throw them in a clean basin or soup-plate. Take a small bunch of parsley chopped quite small, a little raw lemon rind ditto, half a nutmeg grated, and the crumb of a stale French roll, also grated; let the latter be well mixed together, adding one drachm of cayenne pepper. Have at hand the yolks of three fresh eggs, beaten up into a fluid; dip the oysters separately into the eggs, and roll them in the crumbs of the loaf until the whole of them are encased in a bread coating or covering. Put a quarter of a pound of good butter in a Dutch oven, setting it before a brisk fire until fully melted, arranging your oysters on the tray of the oven at your convenience. Keep the oysters continually turned until they assume a perfectly brown, crusty appearance. When fully baked, serve them up with a plate of bread and butter, cut thin, and use salt at discretion. A stick of celery eaten with them adds greatly to the relish.

VOL AU VENT.—Make up 1 lb. flour into paste, roll out one-third of it oval shape. Take one of your dish covers and cut out two, leaving the bottom crust whole, but cutting the middle out of the second; lay them on a tin; cut out a third one, making a distinct line with a cover of smaller oval. Put in a quick oven, a light brown; take out with a knife this inner circle, fill in the center with stewed oysters, fricasseed chicken or minced veal, hot. It is well to put in a napkin, to bake.

THE RIDDLES.

Enigma.

I am composed of 144 letters.
My 4, 10, 31, 35, 38, 46, 41, 68, 6, 44, 3, was an Amazonian Queen, slain by Achilles.
My 3, 33, 39, 12, 64, 12, 35, 50, 29, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.
My 89, 43, 89, 29, 6, 23, 71, was the father of Ulysses.
My 6, 17, 84, 51, 16, 33, was a beautiful Cretan lady.
My 14, 32, 63, 75, 66, 38, 70, 46, 21, was the god of mirth and smiles.
My 60, 24, 47, 68, 53, 87, 50, was a vestal virgin, who betrayed the Capitol to the Albans.
My 79, 62, 122, 84, 104, 120, was a goddess worshipped for war.
My 89, 96, 109, 103, 102, 22, 123, 136, was a King of Sparta.
My 98, 108, 110, 86, 92, 101, was a woman made by Valcan at the command of Jupiter.
My 101, 98, 84, 128, 143, 127, 110, 140, was the daughter of Menelaus and Helen.
My 100, 131, 90, 112, 125, 109, 84, was the grandfather of Romulus and Remus.
My 23, 123, 63, 30, 114, 91, 78, 96, 23, 72, 108, was a poor gardener, who was made King of Sidon.
My 19, 129, 92, 141, 60, 116, 124, 125, was the daughter of Mars and Venus.
My 43, 123, 143, 96, 30, 88, 120, 136, was a King of Corinth, who divulged the secrets of the gods.
My 55, 67, 97, 43, 92, 53, 95, 96, 70, 80, was one of the Three Graces.
My 49, 2, 70, 98, 128, 68, 29, 88, 128, was the son of Troas, King of Troy, and cup-bearer of Jupiter.
My 26, 99, 106, 17, 76, 29, 88, 139, were the sons of Titan, and of monstrous size.
My 78, 33, 47, 63, 137, 92, 138, 67, 85, was a name of Jupiter.
My 131, 98, 20, 44, 12, 81, 126, 134, 121, 118, was a beautiful boy.
My 113, 5, 94, 125, 73, 135, 21, was an ancient poet of Athens.
My 74, 32, 118, 47, 121, 68, 130, 124, were the people of Hetruria.
My 31, 1, 140, 77, 54, 93, 80, 12, was a Thessalian lady of great spirit.
My 61, 61, 93, 123, 138, 21, was the sister of Saturn.
My 66, 114, 77, 58, 61, 52, was one of the three destinies.
My 37, 24, 84, 103, 14, 73, 46, 120, was the ancient name of the town of Warwick, in England.
My 113, 5, 27, 115, 95, 7, was one of the ten famous orators commended by Cicero.
My 19, 50, 133, 144, 29, was the most valiant of all the Trojans.
My 11, 116, 69, 40, 124, 70, 108, is what you must be to find this enigma.
My 94, 46, 123, 122, 46, 117, is what the writer of this is.
My whole was a celebrated speech of a King of the fifteenth century.
Woodstock, N. Brunswick. F. A. B.

Problem.

In 1864, the assessed value on property in the state of New York was \$1,454,454,819. Now if this amount of money was in a solid gold ball, what would be its diameter? If in a silver ball, what would be its diameter? If in one-dollar bills three by seven inches, how many acres would they cover?

FELIX.

*, An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Joseph, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.
Why is a dog longer in the morning than at night? Ans.—Because you take him in at night, and let him out in the morning.
Why is a balloon like silence? Ans.—Because it gives account.
Why is a proud woman like a music-book? Ans.—She is full of airs.
Why are kisses like creation? Ans.—Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

CRANBERRY ROLL.—Stew a quart of cranberries in just water enough to keep them from burning; make it very sweet, strain it through a colander, and set it away to cool; when quite cold, make a paste as for apple pudding; spread the cranberries about an inch thick; roll it up in a floured cloth, and tie it close at the ends; boil it two hours, and serve it with sweet sauce. Stewed apples, or any other kind of fruit may be made in the same way.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Wash out of the liquor two quarts of oysters, pound very fine eight soft crackers, or grate a stale loaf of bread; butter a deep dish, sprinkle in a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, a little mace, pepper, and bits of butter; another layer of crumbs, another of oysters, then seasoning as before, and so on until the dish is filled; cover the dish over with bread crumbs, seasoning as before; turn over it a cup of the oyster liquor. Set it into the oven for thirty or forty minutes to brown. This is an excellent way to prepare oysters for a family dinner.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wine-glasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up a chicken, and if old boil 15 minutes in water, which save, to put in the pie; make paste and put in the dish, cutting out the middle lay in the chicken, dust flour over and put in butter, pepper, and salt; cover them with the water, roll out the top crust quite thick, and close the pie round the edge; make an opening in the middle with a knife; let it bake an hour. If warmed over next day, pour off the gravy and warm separately; add it to the pie to serve.

METHOD OF STOPPING BLOOD.—If an important part be severely wounded, such as any part of the arms, legs, thighs, etc., attended with a profuse discharge of blood, compression, until a surgeon arrives, should be made by the bystanders, in the following manner, by means of a bandage, garter, or handkerchief, viz.: tie it loosely round the limb, and introduce a piece of stick, sufficiently strong for the purpose, about a foot long, and twist the bandage round, tight enough to check the discharge.